The Revolution.

"WHAT, THEREFORE, GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."

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The Poet's Corner.

E. B. B.

I met with a woman once in my life;
A poet she was, and a poet's wife.

Slender she was, and light and small,
Like a wavering shadow on the wall;

Like the first slight shadow eastward thrown
By the scarce-declining meridian sun.

Her hair was blacker than night's dark plume,
And made her face pale with its shadowy gloom.

Her hands were small, like the leaves on the trees.
Flattering like those in the evening breeze.

Her voice was sweet as the river's chime,
With a sorrowful tone like an ancient rhyme.

Her eyes were dark and deep, I trow,
And over them hung a rounded brow.

Her lips were heavy, and closed alway,
Save when a still smile forced its way.

A shadowy presence around her dwelt,
As if when you touched her she had not felt;

As if her deep eyes had sights of their own;
As if her ears heard some unearthly tone;

As if while her body was there in your sight
Her spirit was gone on some airy flight.

I could not smile while she sat so near,
And yet I was happy to have her there.

I felt there was peace in that brow of hers—
Peace beyond all that inspires her verse—

Peace that heaven alone could give.
I shall never forget her as long as I live.

MARY AYRAULT CRAIG.

Lucca Baths, Florence, Sept. 1857.

ON THE HILL.

The lights and shadows fly!
Yonder it brightens and darkens down on the plain.
A jewel, a jewel dear to a lover's eye!
O, is it the brook, or a pool, or her window pane,
When the winds are up in the morning?

Clouds that are racing above,
And winds, and lights, and shadows that cannot be still,
All running on one way to the home of my love,
You are all running on, and I stand on the slope of the hill,
And the winds are up in the morning!

Follow, follow, follow the chase!
And my thoughts are as quick and as quick, ever on, on, on;
O lights, are you flying over her sweet little face?
And my heart is there before you are come and gone.
When the winds are up in the morning!

Follow them down the slope!
And I follow them down to the window-pane of my dear,
And it brightens and darkens, and brightens like my hope,
And it darkens and brightens and darkens like my fear,
And the winds are up in the morning.

TENNYSON.

Our Special Contributors.

A LONE WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

BY HERSELF.

I am not going to expatiate on the injustice of the world towards lone women, nor to fulminate against the verdict of society, which declares they have but the feeblest excuse for living on the planet—are *de trop* in fact, unless some man can be found willing to endow them with the dignity of wifehood. I have not lived much in society of late years, but still enough to learn that this verdict is slowly being reversed; that the injustice from which lone women have suffered may get righted some time or other.

What I am now is nobody's business. I was then a lone woman, and I found myself one morning in the attic room of a hotel, with my trunk packed, and the dull, heavy consciousness pressing upon my mind that I knew not where I was to go. I had paid for the attic room until night, and if the hours of the day before me proved barren of results in providing something that would pass for a home, I knew not what to do. I thought of the station-house in the street below, where crowds of disorderly, drunken women were dragged every night by the police, and a shudder crept over me at the thought of any contingency that could consign me to the same place.

Of course I exaggerated the evils of my position. We are apt to do so when the dark days actually come. My strait was not absolutely desperate. I had yet a little money left, with hope of work at the end of the month. I was without friends in the city where I found myself, and the only person I could have asked to vouch for my character was unfortunately out of town.

This was my position when I locked the door of the little attic room for the last time, and let the brass key drop to the bottom of my pocket. Do you know what the sensation is of walking the streets on a bright morning with crowds of well-dressed people brushing by you, not knowing where you will eat your supper or what roof will shelter you at night? Have you ever gazed at the brick and stone faces of city houses, and thought how forbidding and unfriendly they look to a hungry and shelterless person? I was not hungry, but I was homeless, and it seemed to me that each of the houses I passed that morning was guarded by its particular species of dragon. I had clipped from a daily paper a few boarding house advertisements of places which I thought were situated in the district I might afford to inhabit. There are parallels of price as well as parallels of latitude, and the invisible line which separates five-dollar from ten-dollar board is a sort of Rubicon to persons in my situation. I did not care how humble or unfashionable the place might be, provided it furnished me with fresh air and clean food.

The first place I entered in my doleful search was a brick mansion, which was grand and stately twenty years ago, but had lost caste with the neighorhood, run down at heel, and become draggled and slipshod. The window-blinds were broken, the bell-handle loose, the door-knob uncleaned, and the fine old porch strewn with litter. Still there was an air about the old house of trying bravely to keep up appearances that was almost pathetic. Inside there came up to my discouraged senses a conglomerate smell of boiling vegetables, mingled with the stale odors that habitually filled the rooms. The parlor was large and lofty, but the air of shabby gentility it displayed made me more sick at heart. The carpet, which had once been bright with flowers, was faded, threadbare, full of dust, and there was plenty of tarnished gilt and tawdry attempts at smartness.

Presently the mistress of the establishment came into the room. She was middle-aged, stout, and with a hard, business face. Her profuse black hair was done in the latest style, and she wore a dirty morning robe with a long train. Her plump hands, not too clean, were ornamented with a variety of cheap rings. She gave me a cool glance that seemed to take my measure from the crown of my brown hat down to the tip of my plain shoe.

"Looking for rooms, I suppose?" she said.

"Yes, for one room," I answered timidly. "I am alone; a very small room would do—I would not care how high up!"

"I don't let rooms to ladies alone," said the woman, her brazen front unmoved.

"But you let rooms to single gentlemen; it is so stated in your advertisement."

"That is a different thing. Single gentlemen are desirable parties, but single ladies ain't. I couldn't keep up the character of my house if I took in every lone woman that comes along."

I went out of the place with my cheeks flaming hot with indignation. To be insulted by such a woman, and stared down by her hard, unfriendly eyes! To have a suspicion flung upon my character! Brought up in a distant New England, town I was unacquainted with the necessity which obliges every friendless woman in a large city to prove herself respectable. My soul rebelled against it, and for some time I wandered aimlessly about the streets, not knowing where to turn for help.

At last I again consulted my list of advertised places, plucked up courage, and feeling verily like a culprit, rung the bell of a plain house in a quiet back neighborhood. The door was opened by a pert maid-servant, who ushered me into a room more splendid than any I had ever before seen. I was struck with the discrepancy between the plain out-

side and gorgeous interior of this abode. The carpet where I sat was of the richest velvet; the long mirrors reflected opposite sides of the room; and luxurious chairs, and sofas, and ottomans filled the spaces. I had not long to wait before the mistress of the house made her appearance. She was young and coquettish, with a profusion of light curls falling at the back of her head, and her manners were almost caressing. She wore a handsome silk walking-suit with a number of diamonds. I saw her eyes fall on my lisle thread gloves, and plain alpaca sack. I was not so old then by ten years as I am now, and I can say, without vanity, that my face was not uncomely. It had the bloom and freshness that country life imparts. Thinking I had stumbled upon the wrong place, I hastened to apologise.

"Excuse me," said I, "I fear I have made a mistake. There was a boarding-house advertised, and I must have got in the next door."

"Oh, no," answered the lady, "we would like to take a few select people, of the right sort. Our object is to make a home, you know, and we want a few boarders for company. What style of room would you like?"

"A very cheap, small room," I answered, "and am sure I could not afford to hire one of yours." I rose to go.

"Don't be in a hurry," said she, "I think I can suit you; let me show you what I have." She led the way through the richly carpeted hall into a back room on the same floor. It was furnished in crimson, and even more gorgeously than the front room, with a superb bedstead of carved wood.

"How do you like this room?" inquired the pseudo landlady, in bland tones.

"Why," said I, in amazement, "I can only pay six dollars a week, at the outside, and this room must be worth fifty."

"Never mind pay," said the lady in a soft voice, "I like your looks and would be glad to have you for a companion, you may have the room at your own price."

Bewildered, not knowing what to think, I turned my head partly round, and there through the half-opened door of the room I caught sight of a man's face. It was a bad, sinister face, and there was an unmistakable leer upon it. Instantly the truth rushed over me, and I turned upon the woman with assumed coolness:

"Excuse me," said I, "I am a working girl, and earn my living honestly. This place would not suit me."

How I got out of the house I can scarcely tell, for my brain was whirling, and the blood tingling to the tips of my fingers. I walked an hour to quiet myself, before I continued my search for a shelter for a lone woman. I will not stop to recount all the rebuffs and insults I had to encounter that day; but they were numerous, and night was approaching when I mounted the steps of a corner house standing in an angle opposite an old church, where the sparrows filled the air with their chirping. The rooms were all odd in shape, and staircases ran up in unexpected places. I was ushered into a tiny parlor that still looked clean and home like, and was contemplating a portrait of Abraham Lincoln on the wall, whose presence I thought augured well for the character of the house, when the landlady entered. She was a crooked little woman, with a snuff colored "front," and a face not unkind, though deeply wrinkled. I made the inquiry which had become almost stereotyped by this time, for a small, low-priced room for a single woman.

"I have got single rooms," said the little dame, but I don't like to let them to ladies. I ain't in the habit of doing it. What I want is young men! (They all do. I never knew a landlady that didn't dote on young men.) "But then I might take a lady situated as you are, if she brought first-class references."

I explained to her that I was from the country. That the only person to whom I could refer was out of town, and ended by offering to pay my board in advance.

She shook her head "Your story may be true," said she, "but I never take people on uncertainties. She got up, expecting me to leave, but I sat still, and put my handkerchief to my face, for I was crying.

"What do you expect me to do?" said I, in a kind of passionate despair. Havn't I any right to food and shelter because I happen to be a lone woman? Will you turn me out into the street on that account? I am hungry, I am footsore, I have tramped all over the city trying to find a place where an honest poor girl, with no one but herself to depend on can live, and a house of sin is the only one that has opened its door to me. Let me stay here for a day or two, until I can write up to ——, and I mentioned a remote New England village, and get a certificate of character from my minister."

"You don't say your from ——," cried the old lady. "Why, my first husband had a cousin living there," and so, on account of her first husband's cousin, she gave me a shelter. I have seen a good deal of the world's inhumanity to women, but no day of my experience looks drearier in the retrospect than the one I have described.

THE FEMININE EXPOSITION AT FLORENCE.

BY AURELIA CIMINO.

It is about a year since a programme signed with the names of the most distinguished members of the society of Florence invited the women of Italy to present to the world, in a public exposition, the productions of their labor and their genius. This exposition, dedicated to women (the first which we have had in Italy), was placed under the patronage of the Princess Marguerite. At first, the idea was to invite the women of all nationalities to concur in the exposition, but after mature deliberation, the invitation was extended only to Italians. It is to be regretted that the noble initiative taken by the committee had not a more extensive development, for the sight of the work exhibited by the women of other countries, would have awakened fresh ideas among us, and taught us better what we could really do, and in giving us a solidarity of interests, would have awakened in us the principle of association which has been always wanting to us in the great questions of life. But, at last, the first step has been taken, and it is to be hoped that the second may be still more successful. The locale of the exposition, though small, has been decorated with much eclat, and it must be confessed that the ladies and gentlemen of the committee have done their best to do honor to the trust which they have undertaken. The entrance, a pretty corridor, tapestried with flowering plants interspersed with ponds and fountains whence a refreshing shower of water falls back on the green leaves, separates the large halls, of which the walls and ceilings are covered with folds of muslin, confined by festoons of colored silk and artificial flowers—the whole fresh and graceful, and in the best taste.

There is music during certain hours of the day, and to attract the public there are lotteries at different prices. In traversing the six halls on the ground-floor, the visitor observes a quantity of embroidery and work in white, embroidery in gold, in silk, in beads, embroidered pictures, carpets, cushions, banners, etc., then handkerchiefs, petticoats, collars, without end. Some of these articles are of an execution so perfect that it is only just that they should find a place in the exposition, but, for the most part, they only arouse a feeling of regret that so much skill and patience should not have been bestowed on something more useful.

That which strikes one most in the feminine exposition is this, that in the industrial, professional, and artistic departments there is but little of which we can be proud. A country like Italy where one can learn art by merely looking about one; a country where pilgrims come from all parts of the earth to form a taste for the beautiful and the grand. Our country, in a word, has but a very small number of women painters, and a still smaller number of women sculptors. In Rome there are eight American ladies who are sculptors by profession, while of Italians there are only one or two. Thus our exposition, so rich in needle-work, is wanting in objects of utility, industry, and fine art, and thus responds insufficiently to the end proposed by its promoters. This end was evidently to awaken new ideas and aspirations in Italian women, to arouse in them artistic emulation, and to open a path for talents anxious to make themselves known. That women should sew well, that they should embroider admirably is a fact patent to the whole world, and a question of but secondary interest, now that sewing-machines work much faster, and often much better, than they can.

Some new way must be found, and for this it is necessary that the intelligent class should comprehend that industry and labor ennoble woman as well as man, and thus turning her fine intelligence, and her admirable patience to objects of a higher nature, she will obtain an active place in society.

At the exhibition we remarked, with great interest, the magnificent lace called "Puleto di Venezia" (Venitian point), of which the stitch has been lost since the thirteenth century, and which a humble and patient work-woman, Madame Audri Bersani, by dint of courage and patience, has succeeded in recovering.

Another lady, Madame Mazzonti, of Rome, exhibits a magnificent spread in antique lace, and the young girls of the House of Refuge exhibit other laces for trimming, of which both the design and the execution are quite perfect. This is a branch of industry which will be of great benefit to the country, and give employment to thousands of women.

The Minister of Commerce has accorded to the widow Audri Bersani, the "brevet d'invention," and the exclusive right of working in her discovery for fifteen years. Besides this lace, the same Madame Bersani exhibits some specimens of ancient tapestry in the style of the Gobelins.

Amalia Macchini exhibits braids and tissues in straw; this branch of industry, so flourishing at Florence, is scarcely represented in the exposition; and there is not a single specimen of those hats which the women of Capri braid with the bark of the willow, and which are sent into France to the number of a million and a half annually. In France they are subjected to a bleaching process, and are sent back here under the name of "*poille de rie*," and what is still more strange, as *French merchandise*. One thing entirely wanting to this exposition is the filagree work of Genoa, in which women might certainly excel. Neither are there any specimens of mosaic in pietra dura or in glass. The fine trimmings of Bologna were not represented; nor the beautiful gold galloons, nor the gloves of Naples. The work-women of the factories of glass and pearls, of Venice and Murano, have sent very modest specimens in their work. Nevertheless, their large dark-blue pearls have been greatly admired. In general, the smaller industries are better represented than the larger. There are linens, blinds, chairs, preserves, syrups, and even pates, the last very good and well-made, the work of the orphan girls of the Hospice of Trapani. Among the stuffs we remarked with pleasure a beautiful piece of silk moire, in yellow and white, intended for the Princess Marguerite; it was made by the girls of the Schools of St. Paul, *from old materials*, which made the work more difficult. Among other works of smaller importance we saw certain very pretty muffs made of peacock's feathers, and swan's feathers, and flowers, in bouquets, and in relief on a scarlet velvet ground, made entirely of the feathers of different birds. Amid a quantity of pictures in embroidery I remarked two magnificent screens, copied from frescoes of Siepolo in the Labia palace at Venice—most admirable work in all respects. Angiola Tagorozzi-Spadani, a Venitian, embroidered them, they have received the gold medal. In the same hall is a splendid banner embroidered in gold and silver with a broad border in silk of the color called "*navaue*"—the work of the girls of the Provincial Institute of Modena. Among the magnificent embroidered handkerchiefs there is one worked by Mme. Pegoretti and valued at 2,500 francs, of which the beautiful design and perfect execution have merited the gold medal.

On the story above we enter first the hall devoted to the fine arts. Here it seems certainly as if the talents of the daughters of Italy might have been shown to greater advantage. This gallery gives the impression more of a provincial than a national exposition. In fact, none of the Southern provinces of Italy are represented at all. Perhaps the appeal was not rightly understood; in our provincial towns women rarely read the newspapers, and I think greater pains should have been taken to give publicity to the project of the exposition. Notwithstanding this, there are many pictures; but most of them are copies. Among the original paintings worthy to figure in a national exposition, we notice one of the interior of a church in Brianga, by Leopoldina Borsino, of Venice. The groups of Lombard peasant-women with their picturesque head-dress, are disposed with striking truth to nature. One feels, so to speak, the calm of this simple church; one can read self-absorption and devotion in all these tranquil attitudes. This picture has received the gold medal. The Milanese, Marie Michis, exhibits some magnificent flowers, and Guliana Gervasoni, a picture of touching effect. The subject is a woman with a child in a church, looking on, nearly expiring with grief, at the marriage of her seducer, who is visible kneeling before the altar with another woman. There are some landscapes by Aurelia Pfannhauser, and one, which has been much admired, by Fulvia Risi. A little girl aping her grandmother is by Mlle. Gatti, of Florence; two portraits in pastel by a Genoese named Acqueroni, are in repute. There are some portraits by Giuseppina Faina which are considered good, and a portrait of her father, by Antonietta Pafolini, has been awarded the silver medal. There are also a great number of copies among which some are very creditable. Mesdames Cuecchi, Fries, Gambaeosti, Cicori, Sassara (*nee* Batta), Teresa Mamoli, and others, exhibit various paintings. There are also specimens of photography by the demoiselles Angiolini, of Bologna, much admired. And also miniatures by Mme. Carpi, of Florence, and other ladies. In sculpture only one lady exhibits busts in marble and bas-reliefs—Amelia Dupre, of Florence, she has received the gold medal. A new work of great interest, and perfect success, is the album of shields and escutcheons, by the Marchesa Brigida Fava Tanari. The idea of this learned lady was to illustrate, by her pen and pencil, the history of the city and communes of Siena. With a patience, which is an honor to our sex, she has drawn from the most authentic and ancient sources, archives, public and private libraries, the materials for a a work which leaves nothing to be desired on the score of authenticity. With this magnificent album, of which the parchment cover is illuminated with historic emblems in gold, silver, and carmine, there is a book written by the same lady on the origin, historical and fabulous, of the city of Siena, and of its lay and religious corporations, illustrated by costumes of the professions and of the consuls of the different arts, such as that of wool, of goldsmith's work, etc., which at an earlier epoch had a great historical importance. Madame Fava Tanari has conceived the idea of a great work of which the vastness of the conception and the perfection of the execution are worthy of all admiration. Such a work may not be popular, but will always be an example for others, and a great assistance to archœologists, historians, and artists.

In closing my article, I cannot help expressing my earnest desire that a new exposition may render more justice to the true genius of the Italian women, and that to the ties of esteem which unite them to the noble women of America, may be added sympathy of ideas and unity of interests.

Florence, April 20th, 1871.

GLEANINGS FROM THE CONVENTIONS.

We send our readers now the following speeches, which want of space prevented us from inserting last week.

Speech of Rev. Edward Eggleston, of the *Independent:*

"One cannot show one's interest in the cause better than by speaking in this opening moment of the Convention. I think every individual in the country should have a voice in the making of the laws. Here is a large and increasing class of women in the country who need the suffrage, and men feel that they need women in politics. A great many people never think of the effect of suffrage on women without a shudder. I am not one who believes that a woman is adapted to every kind of work which a man is. I do not believe that a woman's mind is just like a man's, but the most shameful proscription of all is that which prevents women from doing that work for which they are adapted. It is not necessary for a woman to be a man in order to vote. If voting would make women like men I should say let us have no more of it. We want a woman's vote to be a woman's vote, and not a man's vote.

"It is a singular old heresy that to be able to vote you must be able to be a soldier. The purpose of the ballot-box is not to be bolstered by bullets. It is intended that public sentiment shall make law; and I think women can make public sentiment faster than men. I would back a New-England sewing society against any town meeting. If women cannot make war, they can at least do something to stop war. There is nothing in the world so absurd as regarding womanhood as some delicate flower that should be shut up in some glass jar for fear it may be injured by contact with the air. When a woman rides in a street car you may warn her to take care of her jewelry, but you don't expect that her morals will be damaged. When they go to the polls, you may also warn them to take care of their watches. You need not be afraid they will be injured by voting, any more than by riding in a street car. The ballot opens the door for every true and needful reform for women, because the ballot is the great educating power. He thought a true, right feeling woman does not want to be dependent, and the ballot will educate them to independence, because it brings duties and responsibilities to them."

Speech of Mary Grew, of Philadelphia:

"I stood recently," she said, "at a woman's suffrage meeting in Boston, and I heard a gentleman say, 'I am willing, on certain conditions, that women shall vote. When women shall suppress intemperance I am willing they shall have the ballot.' I don't know how he was going to ascertain whether they would suppress it or not. I know that men who have held the ballot all their lives have not suppressed it; and I don't think there is anyone here who would say that women would suppress it. What is woman going to do with the ballot? I don't know; I don't care; and it is of no consequence. Their right to the ballot does not rest on the way in which they vote. This, however, must be admitted, and that is, that there are women in this country who will vote much more wisely than some men in New York and Philadelphia. (Laughter and applause.) You, my brothers, claim the right to vote because you are taxed—because you are one of the governed; and you know if an attempt was made to touch your right to vote you would sacrifice everything to defend it. What would money be worth to you without it? You call it the symbol of your citizenship; and without it you would be slaves—not free. Listen, then, when a woman tells you that her freedom is but nominal without it. And when you ask what women are going to do with it, ask yourselves what you want it for, and what you are going to do with it.

"There never was a class of people able to take care of the rights of another class. (Applause.) No one can see for another as that other can see for himself.

"I have a word to say to the women. They will have the glorious right of American citizenship given to them. It is nearer, perhaps, than we think. I am not so much concerned for the time. It is your duty to prepare yourselves for that event, and resolve to become worthy of exercising that right, at least as worthy as the other sex are. How many are ignorant, unable to read and write with ordinary intelligence and accuracy. I wonder the *Tribune* does not talk about these ignorant men who exercise the right of suffrage. What a pity so many men who vote cannot read and write!"

—Hon. A. G. Riddle, counsel of the ladies who made application to register in the District of Columbia, and were refused, has entered suits on their behalf, as follows: "Of Mrs. Spencer, against the registration, for refusing to enter her name as a voter; of Mrs. Griffing and Mrs. Webster, against the Superintendents of the Election, for refusing to receive their vote, after having made application to register. The damages are laid at $2,500 in each case.

Notes About Women.

—What sport is like girls' gossip?—Dears-talking.

—There is in this city a dressmaker who rides in a $6,000 carriage.

—A woman manufactures all the cigars smoked at Sheboygan, Wis.

—Mrs. Kate N. Doggett is the European correspondent of the Cleveland *Leader*.

—Mr. Stewart's immense hotel for women in Fourth avenue is approaching completion.

—George Sand is a candidate for one of the seats now vacant in the French Academy.

—In July next the Crown Princess of Prussia will publish her book on "Female Labor."

—Mrs. Waite, President of the Illinois Woman's Suffrage Association, is lecturing in the West.

—Why are modern belles like burglars? Because they destroy the finest of lo ks by powder.

—Mr. F. B. Sanborn calls Lydia Maria Child "the genial grandmother of feminine journalism in America."

—Young ladies, do not too soon pronounce your lover a duck, lest you should afterward discover him to be a goose.

—They say that "love is blind," but we have noticed that when a man is in love he is generally required "to see father."

—Miss Viola R. Crowe has become associate editor of the Hudson *Democrat*. She is a graduate of Vassar College.

—*Punch* says: "What in a women is called curiosity, in a man is grandiloquently magnified into the spirit of inquiry.

—A new style of ladies' hat that is out is said to "resemble a pen-wiper with fringe, and to be quite becoming."

—"My boy, what does your mother do for a living?" was asked of a little barefooted urchin. "She eats cold victuals, sir."

—A son of the house of Astor has married a poor girl, described as lovely and intelligent, and upper tendom is in convulsions.

—Two girls in an Ohio town run a blacksmith shop by themselves. They dress in bloomer costume and are skilful workwomen.

—Over one hundred delegates were present at the Pacific Coast Woman's Rights Suffrage Convention, recently convened in San Francisco.

—Seven alleged widows are said to claim the estate of the Earl of Aberdeen, who some time ago was drowned whilst serving as mate on an American vessel.

—Mr. Beecher is reported to have said, lately, that if his mother had danced oftener and said the catechism less, it would have been better for all of her family.

—Nettie Power Houston, the youngest daughter of General Sam. Houston, has become a copious contributor to the Southern press, with the intention of making writing her profession.

—Mrs. Henry Wood, the English novelist, is reported to have realized not less than £20,000 by the sale of her sensational stories, which at first she could not induce any publisher to look at.

—An old bachelor says: "We are told there is nothing made in vain. But how about a pretty young girl—isn't she maiden vain?"

—We learn through the newspapers that Anna Dickinson never seemed more fully inspired than during this season, while delivering her famous woman's rights lecture.

—Miss C. M. Yonge, one of the most industrious of literary workers in England, is editing from the French the "Life and Adventures of Count Beugnot, Minister of State under Napoleon the First."

—Miss Esther Johnstone, a young English woman, connected with the German ambulance service, who died recently at Chalons-sur-Marne, France, was buried with military honors by the Prussians.

—A number of French women, who have been working in the mines for the last 18 years in men's clothing, were arrested in a San Francisco saloon, on Wednesday of last week, their sex being discovered for the first time.

—The New York *Mail* says: "The style this season for young gentlemen of society is to wear the hair very short, and parted in the centre." Somebody adds that it ought to be announced, "That, among 'young gentlemen of sawsiahtah,' the ears are worn as long as ever."

—Miss Rebecca Wright, of Winchester, Va., who gave valuable information to General Sheridan in September, 1864, was married on the third instant to a Virginian. After the war General Sheridan presented her with a valuable watch, as a token of his appreciation of her heroism and loyalty.

—We learn from the Greeley *Tribune* that Mrs. A. D. Richardson and the party of friends with whom she is traveling had reached the thriving town of Greeley, and were in good health and spirits. We sincerely hope Mrs. Richardson may gain many friends and a rich pecuniary reward by the way.

—The annual meeting of the New England Suffrage Association, will be held in Tremont Hall, on the 29th and 30th of May. William Lloyd Garrison, James Freeman Clarke, Julia Ward Howe, Isabella Beecher Hooker, Lucy Stone, Mary A. Livermore, and other well-known names are announced as speakers.

—One Emma Garrison Jones writes a story in the New York *Weekly* of a female lecturer, who was brought to see the error of her ways by the death of her neglected baby. Is it not curious that a literary woman, of all other people, should so much misunderstand the sex and the vocation as to write this incredible tale?

—Miss Vinnie Ream has been exhibiting some of her works in this city at 704 Broadway. We are glad to see that she is courageous enough to invite a metropolitan verdict as to the value of her marbles, and regret that we were prevented from accepting the invitation to view them, so kindly extended to us.

—The Unitarian church is opening wide its doors to women. The Hon. Henry Chapin, of Worcester, is nominated as President of the American Unitarian Association for the coming year, and Mrs. Frederick T. Gray, Mrs. Samuel Cabot, Jr., and Mrs. James Freeman Clarke as members of the Executive Committee.

—Miss Ellen Hammond, daughter of Dr. Justus Hammond, of Danielsonville (Tenn.), was one of the graduates of the Women's Medical College, of New York, at the recent commencement, and will have charge of her father's practice during his absence to the Legislature, to which he has been recently elected.

—The women of England are combining in great force against the enforcement of the social evil act. They demand that if the law is to be carried out the medical inspection shall extend to every female in the land, married or single. They hope by placing the question on this basis to disgust the advocates of the law.

—Mrs. De Groodt, a Methodist lady of Louisiana, Mo., called a brother of the church to account at the love-feast for making a speech against woman's suffrage. The culprit endeavored to use the Bible in his defence, but found himself decidedly worsted in the argument, and was compelled to acknowledge that he had misinterpreted the Scriptures.

—A gentleman in a New England town buried his sixth wife. Shortly after the funeral he met the minister who officiated, and offered him a three-dollar greenback. The minister declined to take it, saying he was not accustomed to accept pay for such services. The gentleman coolly replied, "Just as you say; but that's what I've been in the habit of paying."

—Somebody who has been investigating the social evil says he is thoroughly convinced more girls are seduced into a life of shame by a desire to keep up with the times in fashionable attire than from any other cause. Therefore it seems plain that the example of extravagant rich women, in the profuse luxury of their dress, has led and is leading thousands to destruction.

—Miss Mary E. Stevens, of Boston, who with Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was recently appointed by Gov. Claflin, Justice of the Peace, is engaged in the conveyancing business with her father, in the city where she lives. She is a granddaughter of the Rev. Thomas C. Thatcher, and great granddaughter of Peter Thatcher, who was pastor of the Brattle street church at the time of his death.

—The Chicago *Postal Record* states that over three hundred post offices in the country are under the charge of women, and gives a list of over seventy of these offices paying over $1,000 per annum, and are reported well managed. This suggests the query why a portion of the hundreds of clerkships in the Chicago and other city post offices cannot very properly be filled by women.

—We hear that Worth, the man milliner, is soon to take up his residence in this city. There is no reason why the women engaged in the same trade which has belonged to them from time immemorial should not devise as effectual means to drive Worth from the field as the male compositors and press-men in Chicago recently took to expel women from the *Mail*. Let women absolutely refuse to work in any millinery or mantua-making establishment carried on by men, and moreover let all conscientious ladies refuse to patronize such places, so long as women laborers in fields heretofore exclusively monopolized by the other sex are made the subjects of persecution.

—Rev. Eliza Tupper Wilkes was ordained at Rochester, Minn., on Tuesday evening, May 2d. The sermon was preached by Rev. G. H. Deere. We are told that during the services the "hearers wept,"—it probably being for joy over the ordination of the first woman preacher in Minnesota! Mrs. Wilkes was settled once before at Rochester, and is an estimable woman and is doing an excellent work.

—A peerage has been conferred upon Miss Burdett Coutts. She is now Baroness Coutts, but it strikes us that plain Miss Coutts, the philanthropist, was a better title of honor. There was, formerly, only one Miss Coutts in the world. She had no peer, but there wer scores of baronesses, some of a very vulgar sort. If the lady banker wished to remain select, she should have refused all aristocratic titles.

—There is a lady saddlery and harness dealin Chicago who employs more than one hundred women upon blankets, nets, wraps, &c She is described as one of the tiniest of little women, not over four feet, ten in height, with brown hair, and cheery blue eyes. At first, years ago, she travelled about the country selling goods by sample, but her business has become so extensive that she now manufactures and imports for herself.

—A woman, writing to the New York *Tribune* to protest against immorality, expresses the following sentiments, which we fully endorse:

"There are thousands of American women, keeping warm the home fireside of the land, who see the day of woman's greater advancement and responsibility approaching, with no shrinking from responsibilities, who yet scorn, with unutterable loathing, any sentiments opposed to the sanctity of marriage or the love of home, any adoption of prostitution—horrid curse alike of man and woman—any lowering of the well-earned homage of man to womanly purity and worth."

—Miss Virginia Townsend, who used often to show her genial face in the sanctum of THE REVOLUTION, has gone to Boston, and given the people of the "Hub" the privilege of listening to her scholarly lecture on Catharine de Medicis. We wish other cities would avail themselves of the same opportunity, for Miss Townsend presents a union of culture and true womanliness, that makes her platform efforts a benefit, as well as a source of refined enjoyment.

—Bronson Alcott discoursed eloquently of Margaret Fuller not long since, before the Boston Radical Club. He said: "If people are really interested in what really concerns womankind, let them read Margaret Fuller's 'Woman in the Nineteenth Century.' They will find, I think, most of the great questions better treated than they have been treated on any platform. She anticipated even many of them with great modesty and fineness of discrimination."

—Lucy Stone, at the recent meeting at Steinway Hall, expressed herself as follows in regard to the Republican party:

They chose rather to secure the small shred of justice to a few hundred thousand black men. It was a good thing to do as far it went; and every one of us saw with gratitude these blacks acquire the franchise. They had been suffering a grievous wrong with us. The Republican party should have been wise and trusted to the infinite might of true principles. They should have done justice to the negro, but they should not have left women to suffer from injustice. To-day they are suffering for their false action; to-day the first blow that smites the Republican party falls on the head of Charles Sumner."

—The *Citizen and Round Table* garbles a passage from a recent article of ours on Mrs. Fair, of San Francisco, in reference to her having made various vile, sordid marriages, mainly for the sake of money, and says, in high glee, at the supposition of having caught us tripping:

"So it would seem that one-half of her guilt would have been prevented had she not married. Some people think she was married too little instead of too much."

We did not intimate, in any manner, that one-half of her guilt would have been prevented had she not married. We wished to set the seal of our condemnation upon base marriages, upon impurity and vice in every form. Our expressions in regard to Mrs. Fair were so unequivocal, we shall not repeat them, but only take occasion to say, if an example must be made by hanging one of the class of assassins to which Mrs. Fair belongs, we are unwilling the first subject should be women while men like Sickles, MacFarland and Cole enjoy the delights of freedom, not to speak of honors thrust upon them in the form of first-class official positions and perquisites.

—A correspondent of the *Home Journal* writes thus from England relative to the progress of woman's rights in that country:

"The Woman's Suffrage Conference at the Langham was a great success, in point of the numbers and high respectability of the audience. The room was crammed to repletion. Sir Walter Morrison took the chair, supported by Lady Anne Clayton, Lord Houghton, Mrs. McLaren, the sister of John Bright, and other celebrities. Several of the fair speakers were authors of repute, and nearly all were young, handsome, and elegantly dressed. There was an air of refinement and delicacy of reserve about them all, and about those manifestly their friends, which one does not see in ordinary 'Woman's Rights' assemblages. They showed that they were simply, seriously, and modestly asking for a privilege to which the law should entitle all who pay taxes, and which would better the condition of working women."

—Grace Greenwood, in a letter addressed to Horace Greeley on the woman movement, administers the following anodyne to the great philosopher's nerves:

"The good husband and father will find that the soul of a true home will survive the magnanimous granting of the rights we claim. Otherwise, we were ingrates indeed. Dinners will be as well cooked as now—domestic service will be no more uncertain—hearth-fires will burn as brightly—easy-chair, dressing-gown, and slippers will be conserved. If mamma goes quietly out on election day to vote for mayor or for governor; if Miss Alice drops into the hospital clinic, and Miss Emma runs round to the law-school to take notes of a lecture on the laws of divorce, I have the cheerful faith to believe that there may still come, now and then, to *pater familias* the old familiar milliner's bill, or the French bootmaker's little account, to console him with the assurance that 'lovely woman still stoops to folly.'"

—The sensibilities of the mail silk-workers at Milton were so much affected the other day, because a woman was employed to work at the loom in the establishment, they immediately struck work. We are not informed of the exact nature of the baleful influence exerted by this solitary woman upon her male associates, and are therefore inclined to think that the opposition to her presence grew out of the mean and despicable tyranny men are determined to exercise over various fields of labor. The same spirit recently reared its envenomed crest in Chicago, when the women compositors were driven from the *Mail*. The struggle of competition between the sexes is just beginning, and it is destined to be long and bitter, but the end will be the perfect vindication of a woman's right to do any honest work her hand findeth.

—We learn from an exchange some interesting facts connected with the recent attempt made by twenty ladies to vote at Yellow Springs, Ohio. Nearly all of these ladies were connected with Antioch College, and no other body of women of the same number could be found with higher attainments, more scientific minds, or moral worth. The election judges treated the applicants with the greatest courtesy, and invited them into a room to discuss the subject. They complied, and for an hour the matter was argued pro and con. The ladies insisted that the Fifteenth amendment repealed so much of the Fourteenth amendment as would seem to refuse to women all rights of citizenship. The trustees read the law, and said they must adhere to their oath. The ladies called upon a professor of Antioch College to argue their case, which he did at some length, claiming that "citizen' meant both men and women. But it availed nothing. The trustees refused, whereupon the ladies withdrew, saying they wanted the pleasure of casting their votes on the table, if not in the ballot-box, when it was observed that the board of trustees would keep the ballots as memorials of the first attempt of ladies to vote in Ohio.

—California wants wives. It has the men, money, and material resources, but women are still deplorably scarce, and down in the diggings creation's lords are heartily sick of cooking their own meals and sewing on their own buttons. They are tired of a general state of rowdyism, but they cannot reform themselves. They need the help of women, and acknowledge the fact with touching humility. They say, "Come along girls, and if you are decently good-looking, we will marry you out of hand." We have a horror of wives imported like live stock; and we heartily wish those magnanimous beings down in the diggings could have their noses held to the grindstone, and be kept cooking, washing and scrubbing, until prepared to give women all the rights they claim in the new State. We contemplate a man cooking his own dinner, or washing his own shirt with the utmost stoicism, and placidity; in fact, we like to have him know how it seems, in order to be rendered a trifle more appreciative of woman's work, which, like Tennyson's brook, goes on and on forever. Girls, if you go to California be sure and carry along with you a batch of woman's rights principles.

—Grace Greenwood, in a very clever letter to the *Sunday Chronicle*, answers a good many questions put to her by the editor of the same journal. We wish he would go on catechising Grace indefinitely, for in answering him she is answering a million of objectors, and the attacks of such an independent skirmisher, made through an organ of the general press, are often more effectual than any other means of warfare. On the subject of voting she says:

"Now, were I still a Philadelphian, I think I could quite as modestly, properly, and pleasantly walk to the polls and drop in a ballot for John W. Forney for Governor of the Commonwealth, as go to the Academy of Music and sit through a performance of Lydia Thompson's blondes, or even the Opera Bouffe, with Tostee and the Can-Can. It seems to me that any woman, decorously shawled and bonneted, may sit in the jury-box with men, with no more sacrifice of feminine delicacy than the Long Branch belle, poor thing! has to make, every hop-night, when, in fashionable undress, she is whirled about the ball-room, by chance partners, in the mad galop or voluptuous waltz."

Our Mail Bag.

SOME OF THE WORKERS IN WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 11th, 1871.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

My attention was called to an article from the pen of Grace Greenwood, appearing in the *Sunday Chronicle* of this city, May 7th, sketching the career of some of the leaders of the women's rights movement.

The writer of the article mentions the name of Mrs. Mott, Howe, Clara Barton, Lucy Stone, Mary Livermore, and Anna Dickinson. These names are well and favorably known to the reading public. The recital of these names, in my judgment, did not meet the difficulty in the mind of the *Sunday Chronicle*.

Any one familiar with the history of the Washington press for the last two or three years, must have discovered a studied effort on the part of these papers to bring into disrepute the woman's rights question by ridicule. The press of Washington City have employed their keenest satire against the leaders of the women's right's movement. The motives of their hostility are best known to themselves. These motives, however, appear not entirely devoid of self-interest. The weekly gatherings in the past, in the interests of the suffrage movement, called together a large class of young men who cared little about the interests of this question. They went to the meeting *for fun*. What other thing might we expect, when some of the papers had styled these weekly gatherings "*places of amusement?*" Reporters attended these meetings professedly to write up the doings of the Suffrage Society. The next day's issue of their paper revealed their presence for a different purpose—to prepare a dish suited to the taste, with which to serve their readers. These distorted accounts, commingled with the humorous, made the paper *sell well*. Finding this was a paying business, it was repeated in heroic doses.

The question returns, who are these leading spirits in the Washington Woman's Rights Movement? Can their leadership be vindicated? To do this we sit down to write this article. The slur often hurled at the leaders of this movement in this city is as unfair as disingenious.

If the Washington ladies (these Washington papers say,) were equal in social standing and intelligence to the movers in this enterprise at Yellow Springs, Ohio, or in other sections of the union, their acts and opinions would be entitled to more consideration and respect. But we must know the leaders here in order to decide what claims they have for respect. I will give a passing sketch of a few of the more prominent workers. I begin with Mrs. Josephine Griffing. Taught from early childhood the doctrines of human rights, possessed of a keen sense of justice, hating oppression in every form, laboring with a will to correct human wrong, growing to womanhood, so constituted she was prepared to enter the numerous fields of philanthropy opened by our late war. When the war was in its last days, there were thousands of emancipated people without knowledge of citizenship, possessed of no education, ignorant of the way to vindicate their own rights. Every lover of justice and equal rights saw the necessity of a bureau in the government, where the rights of the poor might be redressed. To plead with the government that such a bureau might be established, Mrs. Griffing was sent by a society of ladies from the West to Washington. Without disparagement to the labors of any others, justice requires me to say that to the efforts of this lady *more* than any other one, the Freedmen's Bureau owes its existence. The bureau once established, no one worked more earnestly for its success than she. Thousands of the poor of Washington, who came here for an asylum during the war, were assisted to homes in the North through the influence of her indefatigable exertions. By her hopeful spirit sunshine has found its way into many an abode of wretchedness. On the Sabbath, she claimed her place in the Bible-class and house of God, unless on her way thither some cry for help greeted her ear, then she turned aside to lift the poor from the pit. This much and more can be said for one of the principal leaders in the woman movement in this city.

Mrs. Mary T. Corner is another of the same class of earnest workers in the cause of reform. From childhood she has identified herself with the cause of the oppressed. Fifteen years and more of her life were spent in Ohio as an educator of young ladies. When the war broke out she embarked her talents in the cause of the freedman. Since that day this work has been her care. At present she stands at the head of the young ladies' department of Howard University.

Then follows the name of Mrs. Ruth Dennison who came to Washington from Louisville, Ky., driven here by the spirit of disloyalty in her native State. She also stands before the world as a female educator of the higher grade. Mrs. Professor Hall is another of these self-sacrificing workers in the field of reform. She was also trained in the anti-slavery school. Among the freedmen, since the war, her counsel and help have been invaluable. No one can come under the influence of her genial spirit without being stimulated to works of charity.

Mrs. Dr. Lockwood is proverbial for her works in behalf of the poor, opening her house and table to the shelterless and hungry. Time will not permit me to do more than mention the names of Mrs. Spencer, Mrs. Kelsey and a host of others, whose lives have been devoted to the great interests of reform in every department of philanthropy.

Now this is the type of ladies, residents of Washington city, who lead off in the woman's rights movement. Now is it right or just to withhold respect from, and *much less* to ridicule *such* a class of workers? In my view the day for ridicule has passed. This question involves interests too grave to be met by ridicule. The opinions of such ladies, having a record so pure in the past, are entitled to consideration and respect. Suppose that this cause is embarrassed by a few weak-minded men, and now and then an insane woman, what sensible-minded individual would allow this to influence their action in estimating the value of the reform they represent?

No sane man repudiates the Republican party because a few of the Andy Johnson stripe have found their way into the Republican ranks. In tead of ridicule meet argument with argument. Let the ear be open to hear the truth, and light will soon come. Truth will make us free. When we are made free by the truth we shall be free indeed.

Truly yours, D. B. N.

HOW A HUSBAND APPRECIATES THE REVOLUTION.

ADAMORA, IOWA.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

I want to tell you how some people talk about you and the dear REVOLUTION; yes, I am going to own up and tell the truth. It was my dear husband who said it all, just because I wanted my kitchen papered and painted after the old paper had been worn eight years. He said it didn't need it so long as the sitting-room and parlor were in good condition. He did not realize that I spent two-thirds of my time in the kitchen, and every Saturday went through the regular course of kitchen cleaning just as I had always seen my dear mother do. It was poor recompense, after working four or five hours and exhausting most of my strength, to have it look not a whit better than before. So I purchased paint and paper unbeknown to my husband. I was fortunate enough to have a few dollars in my possession, which I had earned sewing for one of my neighbors. Then I made an agreement with a neighbor to assist me in putting on the paper, I to do sewing for her in return. I did not mean that my husband should be to one cent of the expense. Of course, we were verdant in the business, but we flattered ourselves the papering was done almost as well as if it had been done by experienced workmen. Well, husband came home to dinner; although it had been a very busy morning with me, I managed to have a good dinner, and nearly in time, so as to give him no chance to find fault. Isn't it terrible to think how we women have to contrive to keep peace in the family? But the dinner failed as a charm this time. He said the paper was put on crooked, and was mismatched, and the paint was thick and thin in spots. To this I made no reply; but when he said I was extravagant and had better have used the money to repair the carriage that has been unfit for use ever since last voting day; I merely said, "I was not riding with you when the carriage was broken. It was broken by carrying too many lazy men who haven't interest enough in the government affairs to vote unless they can be carried to the polls and returned comfortably to their homes; and what is still worse, the carriage conveyed men to the polls who were too drunk to walk there; and what is worse again, some of the noble lords of creation, who were paid for voting, sold their manhood, if they ever possessed any, for five dollars. Where is there a woman who would do that?" The idea of my repairing breakage by such means, with the few dollars I had earned sewing! My husband only grunted at the close of my remarks; I think he used the napkin freely to hide the smiles that gathered in the corners of his mouth, but he soon swallowed his smiles and began to abuse you and the REVOLUTION. He said your paper and Mrs. Cady Stanton, as he called her, and a number of those other fellows, such as Susan B. Anthony, and Anna Dickinson would ruin the country and all the wives, and they all, with George Francis Train, ought to be placed on Goat Island, that being a little island in Narragansett Bay, so barren that a goat starved to death there. While I was considering if best to treat his remarks with silent contempt, or defend those noble women as every true woman ought to do, he made his

exit without even a good-by, but as he passed the window, I fancied I saw a wicked smile on his face. When he came home to tea he brought me a beautiful hanging pot with vines and flowers to grace my kitchen window. How aggravating to think that husbands can say just as many ugly things as they please, and then think to make up with you by bringing home a red apple, or an orange, or something of the kind. I was very much pleased with the hanging pot, but I told him it only made up for what he said about the paper being crooked, and he was still in debt for what he said about the REVOLUTION, and those women who are laboring so hard for humanity. He confessed in an unguarded moment that the kitchen was the cosiest room in the house; and dear REVOLUTION, he did not mean one word he said about you. He waits your coming just as anxiously as I do, and when the newsboy rings the doorbell, we both run to see who will get the paper first.

Yours truly, LILLIE WILBER.

OUR NATURAL PROTECTORS.

WEST LEBANON, INDIANA.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

I am not naturally a coward, but there are two things I am afraid to meet if I am taking a solitary walk—a strange dog and a strange man. The former I fear may be mad, the latter a villain.

Once upon a time it was my lot to spend a whole day alone in an isolated country house.

Some time after noon, a dilapidated "mover wagon" stopped under some trees, just across the road, and three unwholesome looking men alighted and commenced collecting wood for a fire. Drawing aside the window curtain a little, I watched them stealthily, and seeing how rough and villainous they looked, I grew afraid.

Silly, wasn't it, to be afraid of my "natural protectors?"

But, somehow, the stories floating through newspapers of women horribly outraged by men, kept coming in my mind. I remembered that in the lonesome darkness, and in the bright sunlight, helpless girls and strong women had been seized, outraged and murdered. I was but a young girl myself then, and these tales of horror impressed me strongly. It was the next summer after the tragedy of the Joyce children, and thoughts of that outrage especially, always made my heart sink.

I was half a mile from a neighbor's, and I had nothing to defend myself with. What should I do if violence was offered? Presently one of the men started toward the house. I sickened with dread, and the sweat stood upon my forehead. Had I been alone upon the open prairie with a mad dog coming open mouthed toward me, I could not have been more terrified. Just then another covered wagon drove up, and the man went back. What he had started after I cannot say; nor did I care, when a moment after I saw clambering from the second wagon—a woman! I sat down on the nearest chair, feeling, oh, so thankful. I wasn't a bit afraid then. A whole regiment of strange men would not have made me feel so safe as did that one poor woman.

Talk about men being our "natural protectors," why, the only thing in the world women really need be afraid of is man. Not that all men are villains. It is my own good fortune to know men whom I would trust as entirely as I would a woman; but from hearsay and observation, I have learned that most men are prone to evil continually. Let men behave themselves, and women will not need *protectors:* but how absurd that the class that perpetrate the outrages should set themselves up as the "natural protectors" of their prey!

I advise all women to know their man before they trust him. "Women are woman's worst enemies" are they?

Who made and put in force the contagious Diseases Acts in England, the greatest wholesale outrage upon women it is possible to conceive of—and who, in our own land, are trying to enact a similar outrage? If these laws are repealed, or rendered abortive, it will be because women, almost universally protest against them.

And this is a specimen of the way men protect women. It seems to me more like the protection of their own lusts, at the expense of the sex they pretend to guard.

Let men turn their attention to the regeneration of their own sex, and women will be more grateful than they are for such spurious protection.

Truly yours, H. A. W.

MISS FOLEY.

WALTHAM, MASS., May 12th, 1871.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

I was delighted to read, in Mrs. Bullard's letter in the last REVOLUTION, of her visit to Miss Margaret Foley's studio. It made my heart glad, because it was the tribute of one gifted woman to the genius of another. I was gladder because the artist, who has struggled against all obstacles up to her present high position in art, fully deserves the cheering and appreciative words of Mrs. Bullard. I was gladdest because I have known and loved my friend for twenty years, eight of which we were roommates; when together we were at the same time both teaching and studying. In the years 1855–56 we were associate principals of a young ladies' school in Rochester, N. Y.

Having enjoyed the privilege of speaking words of cheer in the budding of her genius, you may suppose I rejoice in the ripening of its fruits. Many of her early works with pencil, pen, brush, modeling-stick and graver, adorn my room, portfolios and treasure-box. In the latter is the first likeness which she cut in cameo—that of Rev. John Pierpont.

Mrs. B. was slightly mistaken, I think, in the locality of her early home. It was Vermont, and her native place, if I remember rightly, was Vergennes, Vt.

Let me tell you one bit of an anecdote of her. Maggie is a lithe little figure, delicate in features, with a glorious "dome of thought," and is as pure-looking as her own beautiful marbles. One day as she was standing by a window for a strong light, as she chipped infinitesimal bits from a cameo growing beneath her fingers, a married lady, who had been watching the beautiful face of the young artist, asked: "Miss Foley, were you ever in love?" Maggie raised her petite form with queenly dignity to its full height, and turning to her interrogator a face all radiant with the inspiration of her art, replied, as if with holy horror, "*Do I look like a fool?*" It was charming to us who knew what a tender, affectionate heart beat beneath her bodice.

Yours, for the sisterhood, LORENZA HAYNES.

ITEMS—REMARKS THEREON.

BY HARRIET S. BROOKS.

THE BEST VOTING EVER RECORDED.—An Indianapolis saloon keeper put this into the ballot box, probably through mistake:

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 30, 1870.

MR. ——: I hereby forbid you selling my husband any intoxicating liquor, either by the drink or bottle. If you do not comply with this, I will prosecute you to the fullest extent of the law. MRS. ——.

And some of the worst:

Abusive.—The old story of the suitor, who, having a bad cough instructed his counsel to "abuse the opposite party," daily receives exemplification among the Hateites. Here is a sample. The Knob-Noster *Gazette* of the 22d says: "The McClurgers, finding that the 'rank and file' are going solid against them in this country, are now venting their spleen in unqualified and shameful abuse of the very men whose votes they first tried to get. Ziba Brown, in a speech at Holden, the other day, said, 'No one will vote for Brown or the Bolter's ticket, except the UNBELIEVING, DRUNKEN DUTCH AND IRISH.'"

A spasm of sense among laymen:

At the meeting of the Southern Illinois Methodist Conference, the rule was enforced, requiring that no preachers who used tobacco should be admitted to full connection.

The stuff our sensational preachers are made of:

"What are you going to do after you graduate?" said a gentleman to a Williams College student who is "fitting for the ministry." "Damfino," replied the youth, "preach the Gospel, I s'pose."—*Ex.*

Dr. Hatfield and Robert Laird Collier may be recorded among sensational preachers.

A London physiologist has discovered that, on an average, five males commit suicide to two females. This proportion shows conclusively from which side the provocation comes. —*Chicago Times.*

The spirit of the old Adam is still upon earth. Suicides don't come from provocation; they come from self-abuses, from licentiousness, from diseased physical frames that are no longer fit habitations for the soul, base as that soul may be.

Don't give hints of the Adamite sort hereafter, if you don't want open rebuke.

MRS. H. B. STOWE says the men of our day are in great need of wives who love them. Nobody wants for love that is loveable. The doctrine that one set of social laws are for men, and another for women, is at the bottom of this great need among *men* of wives who love them. What fellowship hath vice with virtue, or "what concord hath Christ with Belial?"

THE *Chicago Times* has invented a new term, the "woman-women," by which we conclude there is no such thing as "lady-women." It is not to be supposed that a genuine lady, in the accepted sense of the term, has any womanhood about her.

Burnett's Cologne—The best in America.

Burnett's Cocoaine, the best hair-dressing.

Burnett's Cooking Extracts are the best.

Burnett's Kalliston is the best cosmetic.

Burnett's Asthma remedy—A sure cure.

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, EDITOR.

All persons are invited to send to this journal, from all parts of the world, statements, resolutions, criticisms, reports, and items concerning woman's education, employments, wages, disabilities, enfranchisement and general welfare. Communications should be accompanied by the names of the writers, not always for publication, but as a guarantee of authenticity. The editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors, and invites a wide freedom and diversity of speech. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned except when accompanied by the requisite postage stamps. All letters should be addressed to The Revolution Association, Box 3013, New York City. Office (where the office-editor may be found daily), No. 11 Fulton street, near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, MAY 25, 1871.

IMPORTANT TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

AN ATTRACTIVE LIST OF PREMIUMS.

For 15	Subscribers	and	$30, we will give a Doty Washing Machine. One of the best assistants in domestic labor.
" 12	"	"	$24, a Doty Clothes Wringer. No housewife should be without it.
" 10	"	"	$20, a splendid bronzed eight-day Clock.
10	"	"	$20, one Dress Pattern, fifteen yards best quality black Alpaca.
" 10	"	"	$20, a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary; something needed in every family.
" 9	"	"	$18, one dozen Spoons, heavily plated.
9	"	"	$18, one dozen silver plated Forks.
9	"	"	$18, silver plated Teapot.
" 9	"	"	$18, one dozen Dinner Knives, best quality.
" 7	"	"	$14, one set of French China, 44 pieces.
" 6	"	"	$12, silver plated Cake Basket.
" 6	"	"	$12, " " Butter Dish.
" 5	"	"	$10, one linen damask Table Cloth.
3	"	"	$6, one of Prang's Celebrated Chromos, "The Kid's Playground."
" 3	"	"	$6, Prang's beautiful Steel Engraving, "Our Women Warriors."
" 2	"	"	$4, Representative Women, being the portrait of seven ladies identified with the women's movement.
" 2	"	"	$4, silver plated Butter-Knife.

We propose to extend our list by adding such valuable premiums as are especially calculated to meet the wants of women.

TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum, in advance. Single copies, five cents.

WOMAN'S WORK IN ITALY.

FLORENCE, ITALY, May 2nd, 1871.

The great industrial exhibitions of this age, such as the World's Fair, held in the Crystal Palace, of London, the Great Exposition of Paris, the Fairs of Dublin and New York, are a striking feature of modern times. They are a recognition of the dignity of labor, and of the importance of the industrial classes, which great facts the world has been slow to discover; but the truth has begun to dawn upon mankind that the greatness of nations depends not so much upon the conquests without, as upon the development of resources within their borders. The glory of the warrior is paling, therefore, before the glory of the artisan; for in these days battles are won, not by the good right arm of the soldier, but by the good right arm of the mechanic, since the nation which has the best engines of war, the cannon of the longest range, and the best musketry, must of necessity be victorious.

As Michelet well says in his "France before Europe," "One marked feature in this age, which distinguishes it from all others, is the progress of its machinery. Other centuries have produced the iron workman, ours has produced the iron soldier. In war, the machine is now the real victor. The needle-gun and the cannon of long range decide the fate of the combatants."

It is natural that the age which has discovered that the real greatness of a nation depends on the development of its industrial resources, should wish to economize and make useful all its laboring classes.

No country in these days can afford to ignore any of its artisans. It is to this fact that the Exposition of women's work, first held in Florence, owes its existence. Dimly the truth begins to be seen by Italy that neither she nor any other nation is wise in allowing one-half of her population—the women—to be idle. That it is for her own interest as well as for that of her people that the women of her laboring classes should be encouraged to remunerative industry.

This Industrial Fair was one means suggested by Salvatore Morilli, to learn what the actual condition of woman's work was in Italy, and to stimulate and encourage all branches of such industries.

The municipality of Florence were at once most favorably impressed by the scheme, and they set about carrying out the details of the plan. The Princess Marguerite, and the Italian nobility and aristocracy took the matter under their especial patronage, and the result was to make it a very popular and fashionable affair. This was all very well, but under the supervision of these aristocratic and excellent people, the main object of the Fair was almost lost sight of.

The building was well selected, draped and decorated with good taste, but its contents were *not* such as to show much of the industrial resources of women in Italy.

The whole thing seemed like one of our own fancy bazaars—those traps set by the charitable, in which to catch the unwary and make them disgorge the contents of their purses, without any respectable pretence of an equivalent.

There were the same assemblage of all manner of hideous creations in worsted work so familiar to us at home in Ladies' Fairs. Sofa pillows, slippers, toilet cushions, screens, and worst of all, worsted pictures, groups of impossible animals, and impossible creatures, intended to represent men and women, but unfortunateiy, unlike any human being, and other abominations in Berlin wool abounded there; so many monuments of mis-spent time and misdirected energy among women.

One of these huge monstrosities particularly deserves mention. It was a canvass at least twelve feet by six, covered with all sorts of scrolls, arabesques, and pictures in worsted work. It was a miracle of ugliness and bad taste, and yet, to this affair, a woman devoted twelve years of her short life! She is willing to sell it for four hundred dollars; but it is not at all probable that she will ever find any one idiotic enough to purchase it even at this price, and so her time, her labor, and the material she used in her work are literally wasted.

The Princess Strozzi and a committee of ladies distributed "medals of honor" and "honorable mention" to those who exhibited work distinguished for its skill and value. This is well, but it would also be well to award medals of dishonor and dishonorable mention to work which is more than useless, and no exhibitor more richly deserves such distinction than she who contributed this mammoth horror in Berlin wool.

But while to such absurdities as this, prominent positions were allotted in the grand hall, the industries for which Italy's women are famous, were either entirely unrepresented, or given so poor and obscure a place that they attracted no attention.

The straw work, for which Tuscany is renowned the world over, and which is especially a branch of woman's labor, was scarcely to be found without diligent search, and then in very small quantities. The passementerie of Bologna, the glass beads of Venice, the velvets and filagree work of Genoa, the shell work of Naples, all of which manufactures are the especial business of women, were entirely overlooked.

In its place quantities of plain needle-work were to be seen, though even in Italy most happily, the sewing-machine is crowding out that slow method of starvation, hand sewing, since the seamstress can with the iron fingers of her machine make more money in a few hours, than with her own unaided hands she used to earn in the whole twenty-four.

One thing, however, this needle-work department did show: that in embroideries Italy quite equalled the far-famed Swiss work. And through this exposition, also, the recent recovery of a lost art, that of making the lace called Venetian point, was made known to the public.

This lost art was discovered by a poor Venetian widow, who earned her living by the *mending* of old lace. After many trials in picking to pieces bits of the ancient fabric she found the lost stitch, and immediately she began to put it into practice, first in her mending, and afterwards in making new pieces of the precious stuff. For the patterns she went to various artists, but none of them could assist her in imitating the old designs, and alone and unaided by infinite perseverance she at last succeeded in drawing the ancient patterns for herself.

She was at once offered quite a handsome sum for her discovery by an English manufacturer; for this lace is a particular hobby of the British ladies, who spend vast sums in its purchase; but the poor widow wished that her own land should have the benefit of her invention.

The Italian government have given her the sole privilege of using her discovery for fifteen years, and a committee of ladies have already been formed to aid her in securing the necessary capital to establish her manufactory and employ her work people.

If this Exposition had done nothing more than to publish the fact of the poor widow's discovery, and to give her the means of utilizing it, it would not have been held in vain. But it has added another to the manufactures of Italy, and drawn attention to the industries which are open to women.

If it is not absolutely all one could wish, it must be remembered that no human enterprise is perfect, and it is certainly a step in the right direction. Its very deficiencies will be the means of making subsequent exhibitions the better, and the moral effect which it will have upon woman's work in Italy, is incalculable.

The laboring women feeling that they are respected and honored by the community will

gain new self-respect, and the success of one woman's invention will stimulate them to like efforts in other branches of industry.

It is a happy thing for any country, and will be a vast advantage to the world when the old idea that work is a disgrace to men and women shall be utterly exploded, and true ideas of the dignity of labor shall take its place.

In another part of our columns, we give a full account of this Exposition, written for THE REVOLUTION by a distinguished Italian lady, Madame Cimino, a well-know writer and woman's rights woman.

It will be observed that, like ourselves, she has been particularly impressed with the contrast that exists between the Italian and American women in the department of fine arts; in this study in which our women have developed such marked talent, the Italian women seem to be lamentably deficient.

DO WOMEN HATE ONE ANOTHER?

The *London Lancet* dismisses the whole subject of female physicians with a magnificent wave of the hand, by declaring dogmatically that women "hate one another, often at first sight, with a rancor of which men can form only a faint conception; and they have become accustomed to a certain tenderness in sickness, arising from the different sex of the doctor, which they would surely and deeply miss under the proposed regime."

A singular commentary has been made on this profound objection by the speech of Dr. Thomas before the American Medical Association, recently convened at San Francisco. As a representative of the interests of the Female Medical College of Philadelphia, an institution which has graduated a large number of the most eminent lady physicians of the country. He stated, on authority nobody will attempt to gainsay, that the practice of the hundreds of women physicians in this country—sometimes amounting in individual cases to ten or fifteen thousand dollars per year—is almost wholly confined to women and children. This field of medical work made an imperative demand for thoroughly educated female practitioners, and the movement has resulted just as people of forecast predicted that it would, in giving help where help was needed.

The slur of the *Lancet* looks like a deliberate effort to distort and misrepresent facts. Instead of any real or fancied hatred of woman for woman, deep enough to prevent them from seeking alleviation at the hands of female physicians, the truth is that hundreds of sensitive women prefer to suffer martyrdom or a lingering death rather than crucify their modesty by submitting to the treatment of men Such women have hailed with rapture the advent of skilled doctors of their own sex, to whom they could speak as woman speaketh to woman. In our own circle we know at least a dozen such instances, and the almost devout gratitude with which a sufferer regards one of her own sex, who has effected a bodily cure without inflicting a wound upon delicacy, will fully exculpate the sex from the mean and unmanly charge made by the *Lancet*.

That male practitioners would be glad to have women hate each other, to the extent of crushing out all opposition to their own practice, we do not doubt. Unfortunately, the female half of creation furnishes a larger proportion of invalidism than the male, and men doctors, now that women are beginning to put them severely through their paces in the race for success, manifest that peculiar species of virus supposed to pertain to the old Adam. They growl and show their teeth. Years ago, when women doctors were few and weak, insulted and derided in their efforts to obtain the requisite knowledge to practice their profession, the *London Lancet* and the American Medical Association did not deign to fling toward them even a snarl of recognition. The lady doctors will excuse the snarl now for what even a surly recognition concedes to their growing power.

IMPARTIAL SUFFRAGE IN MASSACHUSETTS.

An animated discussion was excited in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, on the 12th inst., by a proposition to amend the Constitution, striking out the word "male."

The friends and opponents of the measure were so accurately divided, that it was refused a third reading by a tie vote of 68 to 68, Harvey Jewell, the speaker, giving the casting vote. Amendments to the Constitution can only be passed by a two-thirds majority vote.

Mr. J. L. Baker, of Beverly, presented a minority report from the Committee on Constitutional Amendments, to the effect that the Resolve ought to pass. He was against taxation without representation.

The Hon. Mr. Vibbert, of Rockport, appears to be a very sensible man. He plead for woman suffrage as a conserver of the home, claiming that the reason of discord in some families is a lack of common interests in important matters. The man attends to business and politics, the woman to her domestic concerns—and if the man could discuss politics with his wife and daughters by his own fireside, he would be more bound to his home, and would not have to go away to find companionship among other men; stronger sympathy and a wider intelligence would result in cementing the family bond. Mr. Vibbert maintained that impartial suffrage would have an important educational influence upon woman. He said that women had purified and elevated literature, and they would do as much for politics, and narrated the words of the California miners when they saw the first company of women coming to join their husbands: "Three cheers for the women who have come to make us better!"

Other speeches were made for and against, but the friends of impartial suffrage had the best of it, as they generally do have, and the women of Massachusetts can look forward to the early day of their enfranchisement with confidence, as there are only one or two more hedges and ditches to leap before the goal is reached. They are so near power it might be well for them to begin to consider how they will use it when they are completely clothed with the rights and immunities of citizens.

WOMEN VOTING IN THIS STATE.

Newport, of Herkimer county, in this State. puts in its plea to recognition as one of the most progressive towns of the age.

At the recent charter election the inspectors decided there was nothing in the statutes prohibiting women from casting votes, and the result was that the votes of women secured a Temperance Board for the village, and brought dismay and confusion of face to the rum-sellers and dram drinkers.

Fifteen women cast votes, three only against the abolition of the license system. This overwhelming majority on the side of order, sobriety, and good morals is a sufficient indication of what the future political action of the sex will be in respect to our most important social interests.

The Temperance men of Newport, judging from a letter before us, written to a Herkimer county paper, feel their hands held up by the alliance of these female voters. At the next election it is intimated more than fifteen women will present themselves at the polls. The weak-kneed temperance men of the place would have allowed the brisk champions of rum to carry the day but for the timely and almost providential aid of women citizens. There are still four places within the village precincts where men can muddle their brains with drink, and it seems that there would have been but two but for the treachery of a man prominent in the Temperance camp.

Temperance was in great danger of collapsing when the women rushed to the rescue. These Newport tactics might well be adopted wherever the fight against rum is raging. The mass of good women, with a minority of sober men, can expel the groggeries wherever a union of forces is effected.

We are glad female suffrage has been so squarely tested in a case bearing on one of the most urgent reforms of the time—a cause that touches so many households, and weighs upon so many suffering and abused women and children. God be thanked for the example of Newport.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT.

The attack on Mary Wollstonecraft, lately noticed in THE REVOLUTION, must recall the sentiment of Tennyson's "Dirge" to those who know that the following famous verses were written at the grave of William Godwin, his wife (Mary Wollstonecraft), and their daughter (Mrs. Shelley). This is not generally known, but the "silver birk" has been identified by the author of "South Coast Wanderings in England."

"Now is done thy long day's work;
Fold thy palms across thy breast,
Fold thy arms, turn to thy rest:
Let them rave.
Shadows of the silver birk
Sweep the green that folds thy grave:
Let them rave.

"Wild words wander here and there;
God's great gift of speech abused,
Makes thy memory confused—
But let them rave.
The balm cricket carols clear,
In the green that folds thy grave:
Let them rave." J.

—The little boy in one of our city schools was not far from right when, in answer to the question, "What is a republic?" he shouted, "A country drained of laws made by the people."

—"I can't give lots of money, and I can't sew cloaks and gowns for poor children, because I'm not rich enough or big enough, mamma. But I'll tell you what I can do; I can 'highway and hedge' 'em!" said a bright little girl, on her return from a child's sermon.

A HUBBUB AMONG THE DOCTORS.

There has been a tempest in a tea-pot among the medical fraternity who met recently in San Francisco. Coming events cast their shadows before. The bone of contention has not actually been cast into the Esculapian camp, but the male physic mongers, fearful of the impending crisis have taken time by the forelock, and begun to expend their colloquial powers in speeches, *pro* and *con*, on the propriety of admitting women and delegates from female medical colleges, or sanctioning the acts of members of the American Medical Association, when they wish to consult with educated physicians of the other sex.

When we consider that no woman has ever ventured to present herself to this learned and wise body in the character of a delegate, the ruffling of plumes among the doctors beforehand wears a funny aspect, and reminds one of the old story of a highly imaginative young woman who, gazing at a heated oven one day, burst into tears, and on being inquired of why she wept, replied that she was thinking, "Suppose I should get married, and suppose I should have a baby, and suppose the baby should crawl into that oven!" In much the same way the doctors at San Francisco have put themselves into a nervous tremor over the bare possibility of a woman's invading the sacred precincts of the association, and have thus unwittingly done an excellent work in advance of the actual necessities of the case, by showing how addle-headed and narrow-minded individual physicians and male medical societies are in their treatment of women practitioners of the highest standing and attainments.

One excellent old gentleman, who evidently believed himself dozing in the middle of the eighteenth century, or somewhere thereabout, until the discussion of his more liberal associates gave him a jog, said petulantly, that he did not come there to listen to a discourse on woman's rights. He evidently felt that a trick had been played upon him, that he had been juggled with and cheated. In spite of the old doctor's just and proper indignation, we cannot help being amazed and gratified at the way woman's rights asserted itself the great and important topic of the time, by stepping into the deliberations of that national medical association, and setting the members by the ears. When high scientific and professional bodies come and do our work for us in this effecutal way, there really is but little need of special conventions; for the subject has broken bounds, has lost its partial, and assumed a universal character.

There was some excellent special pleading on the liberal side; but in the end the convention stultified itself by voting down the proposition to amend the constitution, from the fact that the president of the association himself, Dr. Alfred Stille, is one of the consulting physicians of the female medical college of Philadelphia, presided over by Dr. Ann Preston. Dr. Atlee, of Philadelphia, stated that he dare not consult with the president of the national society, because the rules of the State organization made it an expulsory offence to consult with a man who consults with a woman, or who teaches a woman. He further said that he dare not consult with the most highly educated female physician, and yet he could consult with the most ignorant masculine ass in the medical profession!

Dr. Thomas read the names of the consulting staff connected with the medical college for women in Philadelphia, Dr. Stille, Dr. Hartshorne, Dr. John Forsythe Meiggs, Edward Wilson, and others, and also a list of distinguished doctors who act as consulting surgeons in the New York Woman's Institute and New York Infirmary, including Dr. Willard Parker, Dr. Frank H. Hamilton, Dr. Noyes, St. John Roosa, William H. Van Buren, Thomas A. Emmet, James R. Wood, and many others in the first rank.

It appears from this and other testimony that men really abreast of the age are not going to be hampered in their actions by societies. In fact, they behave as if they did not care a fig for them; they snap their fingers at them, metaphorically speaking, and shape their course in accordance with the demands of the new time. These broad-minded, comprehensive men of science are not prepared to imbibe the spirit of professional bigotry, and they go on doing their own work in their own way, and leave to societies the benefits of stultification.

To an impartial observer it appears as if the American Medical Association instead of arraigning the hundreds of women doctors in the land, had been putting itself on trial, and finding itself so far behind the age, had rendered a verdict to the effect that it might as well get out of the way.

IMMATURE WOMEN.

Foreigners go into ecstacies over the beauty of American women, and criticism loses its acrimony when they dwell on the grace of form, beauty of feature, and coloring native to the sex in this country. The abominations of fashion, the crucifixion of good taste in distorted forms, and insane modes of dressing the hair, even the vices of plumpers and enamel cannot destroy the reputation of American girls for exceptional loveliness. There are no such sylph-like forms, such peach-bloom complexions, such rosy lips and sparkling eyes from Lands End to the Dardanelles, or from Sicily to Northern Sweden. Along with the biggest rivers and tallest mountains of Christendom, our spread-eagle orators can, if they choose, include the prettiest girls in the world, and not be accused of bathos and swagger.

The admiration is too frequently checked, however, at mere outward graces. It stops at the tint of the cheek, the curve of the white neck, or the color of the hair. We once knew a creature perfectly exquisite, until she opened her mouth, and then the charm vanished, as if by magic. It was an immense pity, people said, that she had not been born speechless. She was a somewhat exaggerated example of her class—American belles who are only charming while they remain dumb.

Our girls do not lack wit, senses and shrewdness. In fact they are too smart and too little cultured. Pert and forward manners, and a "loud" style of conversation grow naturally from quickness of perceptions and the unbounded freedom they enjoy from the decay of what was known formerly as reverence for age. We would not wish to see the revival of that rigid and puritanical family rule which once made a tyrant of the parent, and a slave of the child. But what may be called the revolt of the young in our day has had its marked effect upon the manhood and womanhood of the time.

The crudities of school-girls can be excused on the score of thoughtlessness and high spirits. If they are rude and pert, loud-voiced and prone to have their say anywhere and everywhere, we attribute it to a half developed mentality, corresponding to the outward angles and awkwardness of the immature girl. With the rounding and filling out of the form, we expect that the character will mellow and harmonize, that the voice will lose its acrid sharpness, and grow soft with inward music.

But the truth is, our young women are, too many of them, nothing but overgrown school-girls, as bread and butterish in mind at twenty as they were at fourteen. Their external loveliness is not the outward and visible sign of inward and spiritual grace. The loud rattle and lively jargon of the school miss is not superceded by anything more refined or elevating when she takes her place in the parlor to entertain her masculine admirers. To be sure, those same admirers can only enjoy a noisy flow of small talk, so vapid and inane a mountain of it would not yield one grain of sense; but the sexes interact, rise and fall together, and it is to be remarked that cultivated and thoughtful young men do not, in this country, go into society. They find there nothing but chaff and husks, which poorly pay for the trouble of dressing, and the necessity of eating harmful things at an unchristian hour of the night.

The fact that so many of our young women never grow up—that they remain immature, crude, undeveloped by spiritual experiences and mental training—is one reason why American women fade so young. Life is, to a large class of them, a feast of the senses, and after the beauty and bloom of the flower of youth has decayed, there is no lovely fruit of the spirit to take its place. "Nobody," says a wise man of our time, "has any excuse for not being reasonably good-looking after forty years of age." The American woman of the middle class loses her freshness of face and roundness of contour before that age of ripe loveliness, often from over work and grinding care; the fashionable woman, on the other hand, loses hers as much from immaturity of mind and spirit—the absence of those elements which nourish the soul, as from excessive dissipation, or too implicit obedience to the tyranny of fashion. The life of women is to grow richer with each succeeding year, and our young women cannot long lag in the rear of progress. The good time coming lies in their small, rosy palms, and future benefits are not held in the fact that they can, but that they *will* ripen into the highest type—"the perfect woman nobly planned."

STAND BY THE CAUSE.

We are forced to say again at this crisis, what we have said before, that it is wholly wrong to approve or condemn the woman movement on acconnt of persons who may be supposed to help or hinder it. In either case it is building upon the shifting sands of personal attraction instead of upon the everlasting rock of principle.

We do not fasten our faith implicitly on any

man or woman, no matter how exalted in intellect or gifted in eloquence; we do not endorse or support them when they leave the one true path of planetary motion, to adopt the erratic orbit of the comet. But the mistakes of individuals only cause us to grasp more firmly the root principles which underlie this whole question, and there at that central point of integrity is no consternation, no doubt, no fear.

To be sure it is disheartening to see a reform that has for its object the vital benefit of one-half of the race, hastily condemned on such grounds, but it is more disheartening to witness the fright and dejection of those who have ranged themselves on the side of justice at the first stress of weather. We remember the sacred scorn of one who cried, "O ye of little faith;" and it is faith that is weak, and principles which are shaky in this day, the same as when Christ uttered his rebuke.

Let the friends of woman suffrage stand to their guns. We are really in no danger from foes within or without. We have only to affirm the justice of our cause, in the knowledge that justice never runs counter to what is good. The danger lies not in listening to us, but in not listening to us. So long as the agitation is on the surface it is not feeding upon the vitals. We know the attendant evils of all great changes, but they are not to be compared with the evils that would ensue if these changes did not take place. We know the evils that follow in the wake of reform, or cling barnacle like to it, but being parasitic in their nature, without root, they will die of themselves if they are let alone, and not stirred up and rendered lively by the misjudged efforts of opponents. They will have their day and perish like a thousand other impracticable follies.

We are willing to take all the consequences of woman's enfanchisement, the liberty which control of her own children, person, and property will give, but not of any special ism that may attempt to sail in our company, any more than we would endorse the principles or practices of Tammany, if Tammany chose to announce itself our ally.

So long as people speak and write solely for our cause, we shall not inqure what their social views are, any more than we should insist on knowing to what church they belong, but when they abuse their opportunities to ventilate their own ideas on extraneous subjects, we cannot and do not hold ourselves responsible.

The strength of a cause is proved by what it can carry.

The Republican party has been saddled with many an incubus. It has had such ornaments in its ranks as Orange S. Winans and the Hon. C. C. Bowens, and yet with no vital principle to keep it alive since the war, living on the traditions of the past, the Republican party maintains a pretty good show of vitality. The advocates of the grandest reform of the age have nothing to fear. Our enemies, by personal attacks, may for a time stave off the necessity of meeting argument with argument, but the contest will ultimately come. Success is on the side of the best logic; we have got it, and all we ask of you, friends, is to stand firm to the cause, and acquit yourselves like men and women of principle.

Please renew your subscription.

Miscellany.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY—HOW SECURED.

Gleanings from Dr. Dio Lewis' Book, "Our Girls."

BATHS.

Unless the pores of the skin are kept open by the free use of water and the flesh-brush, the effete, poisonous matter of the system is thrown back into the circulation, the skin becomes discolored and disfigured with pimples and humours, the mind becomes depressed or foggy, the spirits low, the muscles stiff and sore, the breath and perspiration offensive, the whole system unclean.

The only bath-tub required for a daily bath is a rubber mat, which is easily procured at the rubber-stores. Or, in lieu of this, a large piece of oil-cloth, in the edges of which a rope can be sewed, will answer as well as a bath-tub two feet high. With such a mat, a pair of bathing-mittens, a wash-bowl of water, one can always enjoy a perfect bath in one's room. The advantages of this mode of bathing over the ordinary method of bathing in a bath-tub, are decided. There is no shock, not half the time is required, there is no necessity of leaving one's sleeping-room, and the exercise necessitated, gives that quickness of circulation that should attend and succeed every bath.

Dr. Lewis advises the plentiful use of soap over the whole body. We think this a decided mistake. The alkali of the soap dissolves the epidermis to such an extent, as in many cases, to leave the skin dry and harsh. Especially mischievous is the use of soap upon the face. Indeed, many ladies who enjoy uncommonly clear and brilliant complexions, never wet their faces at all, but simply use a soft napkin for the purposes of cleanliness.

COLD FEET.

Dr. Lewis advises as a remedy for this common discomfort, that the bottoms of the feet be dipped in cold water half an inch deep for five minutes. Succeed by a good rubbing. Stand with the bare feet upon the carpet and twist from side to side until the feet are burning. Not only will the feet be warm all night, but habitually so, provided the digestion is not too weak.

WHAT TO EAT.

The use of a great variety of complicated dishes is deprecated. A lady, noted for her refinement, intelligence, and social position, as well as for her skill in housekeeping, gave an entertainment which consisted of the following dishes: 1st, A small glass of lemonade. 2d, A bit of melon. 3d, Roast-beef and sweet-potatoes. 4th, Ice-cream.

With her fine conception of life, our hostess could no more have offered us soup, fish, meat, game, puddings, pies, raisins, nuts, fruits, and ice-creams, than she could have offered whisky, rum, gin, and brandy.

We should not provide expensive entertainments for friends; but be content with the simplicity that obtains in Europe at social reunions. Social singing, dancing, charades. A hundred beautiful games are more becoming human beings, when they assemble, than a big feed.

To secure a clear, fresh skin, bright eye, active limbs, a quick brain, a pleasant, cheerful temper, and a long life, one should live almost as follows:

BREAKFAST.

Oatmeal-porridge with milk and sugar; or graham mush with a little good syrup; or cracked wheat with milk and sugar; or baked potatoes with bread and butter; or beef-steak or mutton-chops with baked potatoes, and bread and butter.

If you are thin, and need fat, use the first three; if too fat, use the last named. Drink cold water or a little weak coffee.

DINNER.

Beef or mutton, roasted, or stewed with any vegetables you may like, bread and butter. Close the meal with a little weak lemonade. Eat no dessert, unless it be a little fruit. And eat nothing more until next morning.

The omission of a third meal is strongly urged. Dr. L. has met with no one suffering from indigestion, who has not received marked benefit from the omission of a third meal.

Cake, sweetmeats, nuts, raisins, and candies, should be absolutely avoided.

Pimples, blotches, yellow spots, nasal catarrh, biliousness, liver torpidity, constipation, sleepiness, dullness, low spirits, etc., would generally disappear with the adoption of these rules.

HOW TO CURE A COLD.

Eat nothing but a small piece of toast; drink freely of cold water; walk twice a day till perspiring; go to bed early.

FAT AND THIN GIRLS.

Are you too fat? Eat less food with a larger proportion of meat; rise early and exercise much.

Are you too thin? Sleep more by retiring earlier; do not overwork; eat freely of oatmeal-porridge, graham mush, cracked wheat, and hulled corn, and all with milk and sugar. Cultivate a cheerful temper.

VENTILATION.

Sleeping-room should have the windows open through the night. Veils should not be worn. For beauty of skin and eyes, youthful bloom and cheerful temper, a pure air is essential, both night and day.

AMUSEMENTS.

Croquet, skating, dancing, walking, the home gymnasium of Schreber, battle-door and graces, base-ball, are recommended.

The book closes with a notice of women noted for heroism, that should inspire young women with resolution and courage.

Dr. Lewis writes in a sententious, racy, humorous, and perspicuous style. No reader will wish to lay his book aside, after once commencing it, before finishing it. It is hoped that the extracts given herein, may stimulate every reader to procure and read the volume, since its teachings, if heeded, cannot fail of largely securing health, beauty, and happiness.

—The touching ballad entitled, "Betsy and I are Out," which we printed a fortnight ago in THE REVOLUTION, is from the pen of W. M. Carleton, and appeared, we believe, first in the Toledo *Blade*. Mr. Carleton is a young man about twenty-five years of age, and resides with his parents near Hudson, Michigan. It is to be hoped that the popularity of this early effort will not spoil him.

IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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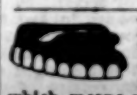

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